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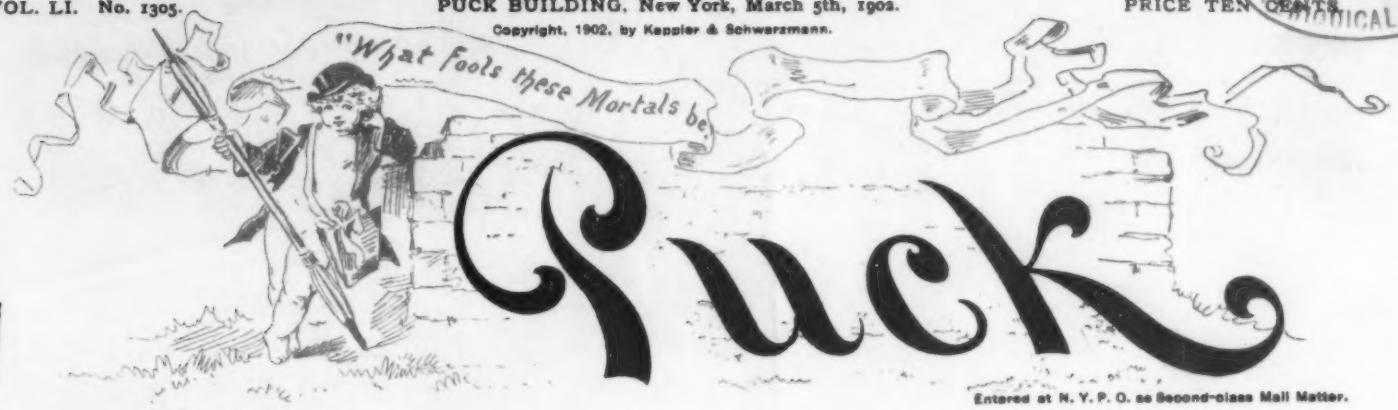

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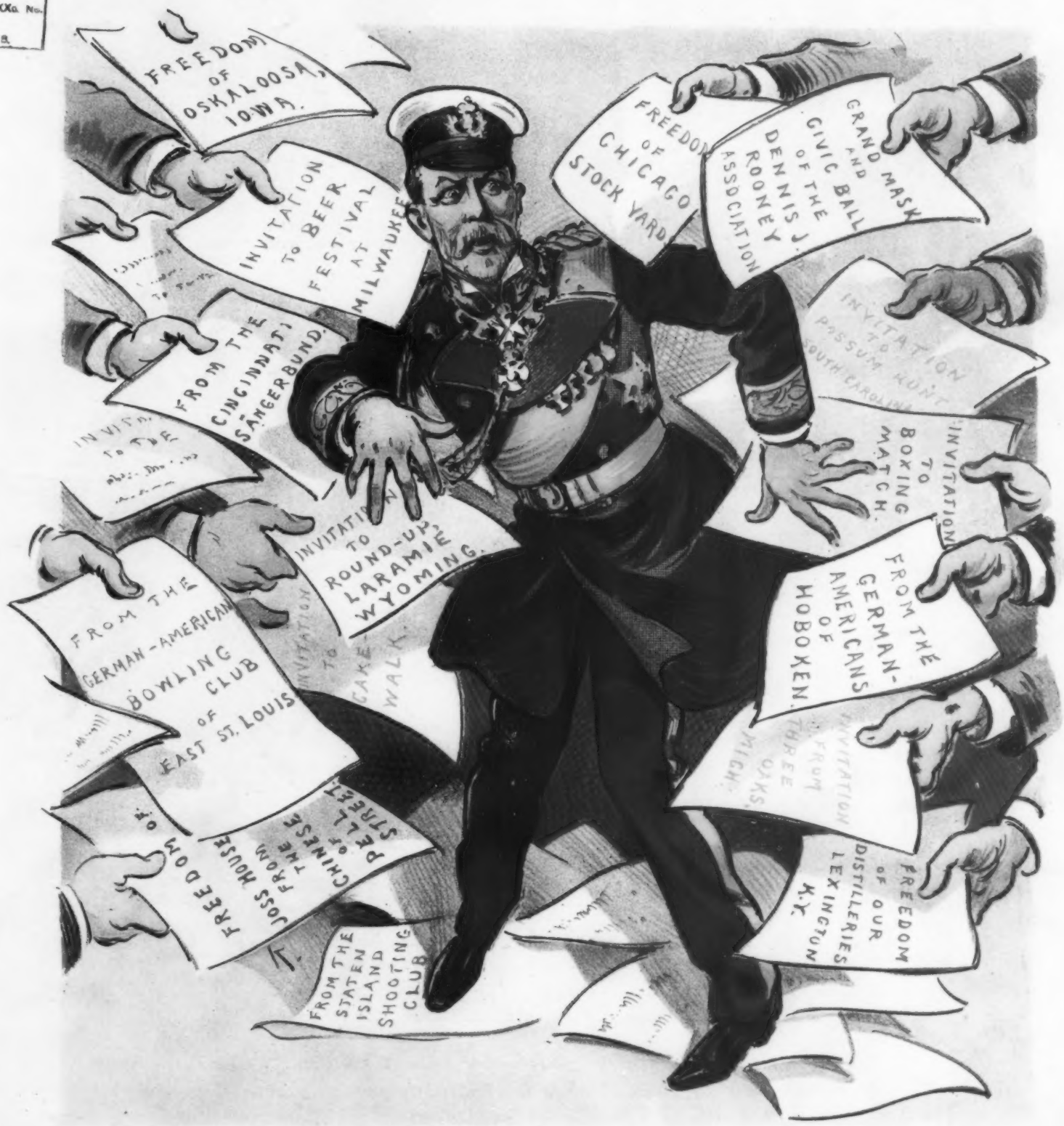

AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES.

PRINCE HENRY.—This is all very pleasant;—but I 'll be willing to let Brother William come, himself, next time.

CLOUDS ON THE HORIZON.

"Old Multimillion is afraid that some day he may be poor."

"What gives him that idea?"

"His daughters' husbands."

THE FATE of divers undertakings of the Agrarian party suggests that the tiller of the soil and the tiller of the ship of state are two different things.

TO GAIN his ends
In Life's fierce tussle,
Man's two best friends
Are Hope and Hustle.

THE SCHLEY presidential boom will probably go the way of the Dewey presidential boom. But what must disquiet the thoughtful is the renewed suggestion that republics can't be ungrateful without making asses of themselves.

HE FLATTERED HIMSELF.

THE DOG.—Well, he can dress me up like himself, but I 'll be darned if he can make me look like as big a fool as he is!

THE TRUTH OF IT.

'TWAS ON a beautiful Spring morning some several years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence that an old gentleman walked through his orchard, situated in one of the thirteen original States, when suddenly a frown appeared on his usually smooth-shaven face.

"By Sir Richard Carvel," quoth he, "but would I like to land on the villain who chopped down my favorite cherry tree!"

A youngster appearing on the scene the old man chased the frown away until he had him by the collar, and then said:

"George, whoever cut down this cherry tree has a coupon entitling him to one good thrashing. Did you do it?"

"Father," replied the youngster, who was large for his age, "I can not tell a lie; I did it with this, my Carrie Nation hatchet."

"Noble son," said the old gentleman, giving him the half Nelson, "thy truthfulness hath saved thee a whipping. But stay!" he added. "Why did'st thou admit the deed with a whipping staring thee in the face?"

"Surely, Father," replied George Washington,—for it was none other,—"an' would'st thou have me keep the bread from the mouth of the future hungry historical humorist for the sake of a paltry whipping?"

And, replacing the hatchet in his fob pocket, he walked away, whistling the popular classic: "Oh! He Certainly Was Good To Me!"

WE MAY solve the other problems arising out of the war with Spain, but it looks as if the Sampson-Schley controversy would be always with us.

A TEST OF PATIENCE.

ALGY.—She 's deuced clever! She learned how to skate quite well under my instructions in just ten minutes.

ETHEL.—Oh! That was n't cleverness;—that was patience. Most girls would have learned in two.

The wretchedly poor people are they who don't know where the cook to cook their next meal is coming from.

ALL GOSSIPS.

STRANGER.—Are there many gossips in this village?
POSTMASTER.—Waal, th' last census give us a popylation uv seven hundred,—but that wuz padded!

OF GRETCHEN, WHO COMES WITH THE ALE.

WHEN quip and jest no blithe response
Wake in the hypped heart,
And in life's arbor for the nonce
No grapes are else than tart,
I summon for my better state
A sylph in wooden shoes
Before whose smile fly swift and straight
Most mazarine of blues!
A gay, good genius from the Rhine,
My lady of the cheerful stein.

The nectar on Olympus quaffed
Would not, (I 'm giving odds!)
Once o'er "old musty" they had laughed,
Have satisfied the gods.
And none who in our days his whet
Takes from a crystal brim
Brought by a much-befrilled *grisette*
Knows what joy 's lost to him.
She comes with better drink than wine,
My Lady of the cheerful stein.

Like lovely Aphrodite, sprung
From Neptune's bitter spume,
Fair Gretchen stands froth-crowned, a young,
Bright goddess dooming gloom.
But underneath her simpler zone
No guile plans escapades,
The pride of conquest quite unknown
Beneath her flaxen braids.
She boasts more charms than Prosperine,
My Lady of the cheerful stein.

And if in lonesome hours to me,
When nights are cold and long,
To wish she were an entity
The stimulus is strong,
I just reflect: Had she a heart
My measure might be woe!
The creature of a potter's art
If she remains, I 'll know
She really is mine, all mine—
My Lady of the cheerful stein!

Edward W. Barnard.

SOMETIMES THE CASE.

FARMER BENTBACK.—Colonel Gabbleton, the politician, denies that he is out of the race for Congress.
FARMER BUCKOVER.—P'raps he don't know it.

ATMOSPHERE.

The Ostrich, before offering his hand and heart to his lady love, takes the precaution of tying his neck in a true-lover's-knot.

ABOUT APHORISMS.

IF THE READER, the gentle reader, we should say, is in the habit of looking about him, he will observe that the literary department store nowadays is plentifully stocked with curious specimens of so-called literature, which are tagged "Aphorisms." In fact, no daily paper, no weekly or monthly magazine, no almanac, is complete without its aphorism department.

What is an aphorism? Turning to our copy of Webster, we find:

APH'O-RISM, *n.* A precept or principle expressed in a few words.

Very good. But even Webster had his limitations.

Turning to "Cloak," what do we find?

CLOAK, *n.* An outer garment.

Does that tell us what a cloak is? Not exactly. A cloak, when it is new, whether it adorn the humble form of a dairy maid or the imperial figure of a Society queen, is something with which to show off. To make her fellow-woman envious. To demonstrate how superior she is to her neighbor. When the garment grows old, it shows what she once was, unless she is able to get another cloak.

An aphorism is a literary cloak. An aphorism is the article with which the sapient writer advertises his sapiency, his superiority to the literary hoi-polloi, his caviareness to the scribbling general. The concoctor of aphorisms is striving to expound no precept. He is simply showing off. He is the Emperor William II of letters. He is the Smart Aleck of "space."

Not that we are at all envious, however. We can write aphorisms as well as the next one.

A bad girl is generally a good fellow.

There you are! That 's an aphorism. There may be a precept lurking about it, but that is a very minor detail. But is n't it a daisy? A bad girl is generally a good fellow. What does that show?

It shows that we have been about town. It indicates that we sometimes grow reckless concerning the time o'clock. It advertises the fact that we are aware of the difference between a chafing-dish and an oyster cocktail. It is almost proof positive that we have photos upon our chimneypiece of ladies in indiscreet costumes. It is even a subtle intimation that we are fully capable of being on nodding terms with a chorus girl!

Here is another one:

Poverty makes many a man virtuous.

How is that for high? Is there any principle loitering in the immediate vicinity of that aphorism? We trow not.

But what does it indicate? It indicates that if we could command a stable income of a couple of thousand per year we would indeed be a sad, sad dog! That we would smoke Turkish cigarettes at forty-five cents *the* box. That we would devour a sixty-cent *table d'hôte* dinner every evening, call the waiter by his given name, and invariably allude to the claret as "red ink." That we would never be visible after six without a Tuxedo; that we would be a veritable terror among the ladies, and an insufferable nuisance to all mankind. Yes!

Still another:

Lying is the butter that flavors the bread of fact.

There 's all-wool wit. There 's high-class humor. There 's sarcasm on the half-shell. It shows that we are a foxy guy. It is a complete admission as to our being very

LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM.

SHE.—And will you speak to Papa to-morrow, dear?
HE *(in dismay)*.—Oh! Don't, darling!—don't wake me up!

HOW WILLY TURNED DEFEAT INTO VICTORY.

I.

II.

III.

IV.

V.

VI.

VII.

much up to snuff. It indicates that we are cheerfully cynical, merrily misanthropic, and all that sort of thing.

Speaking of lying naturally calls to our versatile mind another aphorism:

> All men are liars, but no women. Some of them are prevaricators, the rest, merely fibbers.

This is really too easy. But is n't that one a beauty?

That one proves that we are no journeyman aphorism tinker, but a full-fledged member of the union. It betokens that we are "onto" the fair sex like a thousand of brick. And from the fair sex 't is but a step to love. No aggregation of aphorisms would be complete without a crack or two at love. Here we go:

> None but the blind ever love at first sight.

This, as being more utterly inane, stupid and thoroughly aphoristical than anything we have yet produced, we consider our *chef d'œuvre*. However, we do not propose setting up in the aphorism business. We prefer sticking to straight literary merchandizing; that is, so long as we can find a market for staple wares. Should that fail, we may go into the aphorism line, for we are convinced that we can turn out as blatant a brand of aphorisms as any other fool.

W. S. Adkins.

A SKEPTIC.

THE COUNT.—Eet ees all over! I am rejected!
THE BARON.—Est-ce possible? Does she doubt your lofe?
THE COUNT.—Parbleu! She even doubts my title!

TIMELY TALKS FOR TINY TOTS.

Once upon a time there was a good little boy whose name was Claudie. When Claudie was on his way to school a bad little boy named Mickey used to jeer at him and call him names and throw mud at him. So Claudie asked his teacher what he ought to do. "Heap coals of fire on his head," said the good teacher. Claudie did. It was considerable of a contract, and, of course, the coals did n't stay; but, at that, when Claudie finished the job Mickey looked as if he had been wintering in the place where bad little boys go. Now, when bad little boys want to bother Claudie they get asbestos hats and a fire-insurance policy first.

MORAL.—Even a Claudie may turn up an ace on occasions.

* * *

Once upon a time, away out in Hell's Half Acre—if you don't know where that is ask your Sunday-school teacher—there lived a bad man named Murphy. And this bad man bought up all the whiskey in camp. The hurtling Winter snows fell and blocked up all the roads and every time the good miners wanted a drink they had to buy it of Murphy. He charged Expansion-rates for it. The poor miners suffered and suffered. Finally they decided that they needed the whiskey more than they did Murphy. So he died. And the man who succeeded to the business delivered the goods at half rates and on easy credit.

MORAL.—Don't stand between a good man and his thirst.

PALPABLE OMISSION.

She seemed a rare vision of loveliness, as she stood there arrayed for the theatre. But it was plain from her anxious way of regarding herself in the great mirror that she had her misgivings.

"The curtain goes up at 8:15 sharp! Here it is only 8:30, yet I am quite ready! Oh! What have I omitted?" she exclaimed.

PROSPEROUS.

ISAACS.—Do you know dot Rosenbaum vos interesded in vun of dem oil gompanies in Texas?

COHENSTEIN.—Dod musd be a goot peezness.

ISAACS.—Fine! He says he can make money mit or mitout busting.

IT IS not easy to decide whether Christian Scientists err the more in not taking sickness seriously enough or in taking themselves too seriously.

HALF THE WORLD doubtless does n't know how the other half lives; but, thanks to the yellow press, we all know about how everybody who is anybody lives.

A TRIBUTE.

"I tell you he vos der best trader I efer saw!"

"Is dot so?"

"Dot 's righd! I nefer saw a man vot can look so astonishet ven anybody tries to sell him anydings at a brofit!"

WILLY'S WATERLOO.

She was as fascinating as faro and as foxy as Pharaoh's daughter. The fluff of her hair flashed with the glorious sheen of sunshine rays; her hazel eyes held now the quick light of a brilliant rifted sky; now, the enchanted mystery of storied stars. The fairness of her pure, white skin was like the radiance of the lily. The bloom of her cheek was matchless as the horizon's bewildering glow when daylight dies along the west. Her crimson lips were damp with dew-distilled ambrosial nectar; half-parted they revealed teeth more dazzling than pearls from Persian seas. Her form was not less faultless than Venus's own. She had the beauty of a goddess and the soul of a scorpion.

Being constituted in this wise, she was engaged by a theatrical manager to cause audiences to think in *italics*.

Willy Wilyums came, saw and fell down. It is only fair to Willy to say that there were about a hundred thousand others the same season. The lights went out when *She* came in. She shone alone!

Willy had it bad. He also had seventy thousand dollars to the good. His Dulcinea del Toboso played Golf Sundays. They met under a Farkleberry tree where the citrils were singing, on the links of the Lum Tum club. Willy spent his whole seventy thousand in six months.

It all went on Golf Garments. Thus showing one of the minor evils of the alleged game.

Fred. Ladd.

JARRING HIM.

"Yes; an' I took up de box o' choc'luts dat cost me a hull bone; an' wantin' to do de t'ing proper, I says, when I passed 'em to her, says I: 'Sweets to de sweet,' quotin' po'try, yuh know. An', say! wot d' yuh t'ink she says? Say! She did n' say a t'ing but, 'T'anks to de tank!' Say! Wot?"

GOING BACKWARD.

This year progressive seems to view,
But ere its course is run
The youth and maid of 1902
Will doubtless be made '01.

HEAD.

To be less than candid was to be less than just. "Your head is extremely thick!" said the teacher, accordingly. "So thick, indeed, that unless you study very hard, you will be unable to thrust hatpins through it when you grow up!"

Much terrified, the little girl now applied herself assiduously to her lessons.

A TIME FOR NON-PARTISANSHIP.

"Ain't Silas a Republican?"

"Yes; he says he 's a Republican when his day's work is done, but he ain't got no politics durin' business hours."

IN BULGARIA.

FIRST BRIGAND.—How 's business?

SECOND BRIGAND.—Well, collections are slow.

THE "EXTRA."

VANDEVEER.—Any difference between that Extra of yours and my earlier edition?

BRINKERHOFF.—Yes; a small item on the inside of your paper is printed in big, red type on the outside of mine!

"I 've got a grand scheme, old man, and I 'll let you in on the ground floor."

"H'm! Are there any exits?"

It 's a good thing if science can dispense with the human stomach, as reported. The stomach is altogether too puritanical in its preferences for our age.

EVEN MORE IMPORTANT.

"I suppose the first thing is to learn to keep on your feet."

"Why, no. I think the most important thing is to learn not to sit down too hard!"

PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A LIVING ISSUE.

WHILE DEMOCRATS are threshing over dead straw in search of a live issue to reunite their party, a Republican Congressman from Wisconsin is nursing one to a lusty vigor. A little more of the light of understanding in Democratic minds—a little added weight to the conviction that this country can not be stampeded by a small man reciting, parrot-like, the second-hand bombast of cheap radicalism, and the Democrats as a party may come to see the supreme value of this tariff-trust issue. Then a little more of that insolence of fancied security which marks the Republican attitude toward any tariff corrections—that same blind insolence which has been directly responsible for every defeat the party ever sustained—and a Democratic victory may be looked for in 1904, Roosevelt or no Roosevelt. The reception of the Babcock bill by the Republicans in Congress has thus far been all that Democrats could desire. The Wisconsin representative has shown by cold, unemotional figures that the tariff-protected Trust is enabled, precisely to the extent of its protection, to practice extortion upon the domestic consumer. That this extortion is being practiced up to the full limit of the privilege is proved by the large dividends which this species of Trust pays upon millions of dollars of phantom stock. Yet, for the stand Mr. Babcock has taken—ideal from the point of devotion to his country's interests—he is frowned upon by his Republican associates and his bill condemned as a traitorous assault upon his party. But the abuse is too flagrant to be ignored much longer, and if the Republicans do not right it the Democrats will. Mr. Babcock and a few of the less fatuous Republicans have discovered as much. It remains only for the Democrats to make the same discovery. Very general and wide-spread is the demand for relief from the tariff-protected Trust;—and, to a considerable majority of the people, the name of the political party that provides this relief will be all but immaterial.

INJUSTICE TO WHEELER.

WE HAVE not been among the unthinking who deplore those recent infractions of good taste by Congressman Wheeler. To the contrary, we experience rather the chastened joy of the antiquary in that exquisite sample of a certain sort of Americanism which we had come to believe was long since extinct even in the backwoods of Kentucky. And we are quite certain that our distinguished guest, whom this delicious survival from Kentucky insulted so naïvely, is broad-minded enough to entertain the same sentiment toward this interesting exhibit. To such of Mr. Wheeler's countrymen, however, in and out of Congress, as have felt moved to apologize for his rudeness to a defenceless guest, we beg to submit that the style of Americanism with which he favored an unsuspecting world was, in its day, exceedingly useful toward the upbuilding of our institutions. A genuine detestation of monarchy and its trappings, human and metallic, was and continues to be, necessary to the integrity of this republic. That it should have been voiced bluntly and crudely in the earlier periods of our history was also unavoidable. Almost all of our appliances were crude in that day. Yet our hardy forefathers had the executive genius to make them serve their purpose. The style of rudely rampant Americanism, of which this Kentucky gentleman has vouchsafed us a specimen miraculously preserved from that remote period, was as useful and necessary as the "prairie schooner," the muzzle-loading rifle and the coon-skin cap. No one would think now of destroying the old Deadwood coach because of its inferiority to a vestibuled train; nor of reproaching the tallow-dip and the pony-express because we now have electric lights and the electric telegraph. Rather are their memories cherished out of pure sentiment; and, for identical reasons, we should cherish Mr. Wheeler of Kentucky. He is, for his pungent aroma of pioneer days, too sweet, too rare, too fascinating to be destroyed or even to be squelched by confreres with an eye to the German vote. With a blessed unconsciousness—an unconsciousness that could have survived only in a State whose mountain fastnesses are yet unspoiled by newspapers and school histories—he comes freshly out of 1802 into this 1902, protesting heatedly that he, Wheeler, is "as good as any little Dutchman." We should think as much! He is even better, in a way. In fact we suspect that Wheeler himself, for all his ingenuous boasting, does not half know how good he is. There are a great many Germans in the world—or "Dutchmen," as this gifted law-maker terms them—but there is only one Wheeler; and, owing to the increasing prevalence of printed matter and the consequent spread of enlightenment, there probably will never be another. High as Mr. Wheeler holds himself, he still can not equal the reverence with which every antiquarian ought to view him. Of course nothing can be done about it just now; but, at the proper time, Mr. Wheeler should be stuffed and mounted in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, among the other relics sacred to our picturesque past.

Puck's 25th Anniversary.

PUCK will celebrate his 25TH ANNIVERSARY next week by issuing a SILVER SOUVENIR NUMBER. It will contain 36 pages, with a handsome illuminated cover by NANKIVELL. In addition to the matter to be found in other PUCKS it will include special features, such as a bit of PUCK'S history, with pictures of his old and new homes; also PORTRAITS of many of his ARTISTS, WRITERS, STAFF-MEMBERS, ETC. It will be the regular issue of PUCK NO. 1306, and will be sent to subscribers as other issues are. Those who are not regular subscribers can procure it from their newsdealers; price ten cents; or from

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK, NEW YORK.

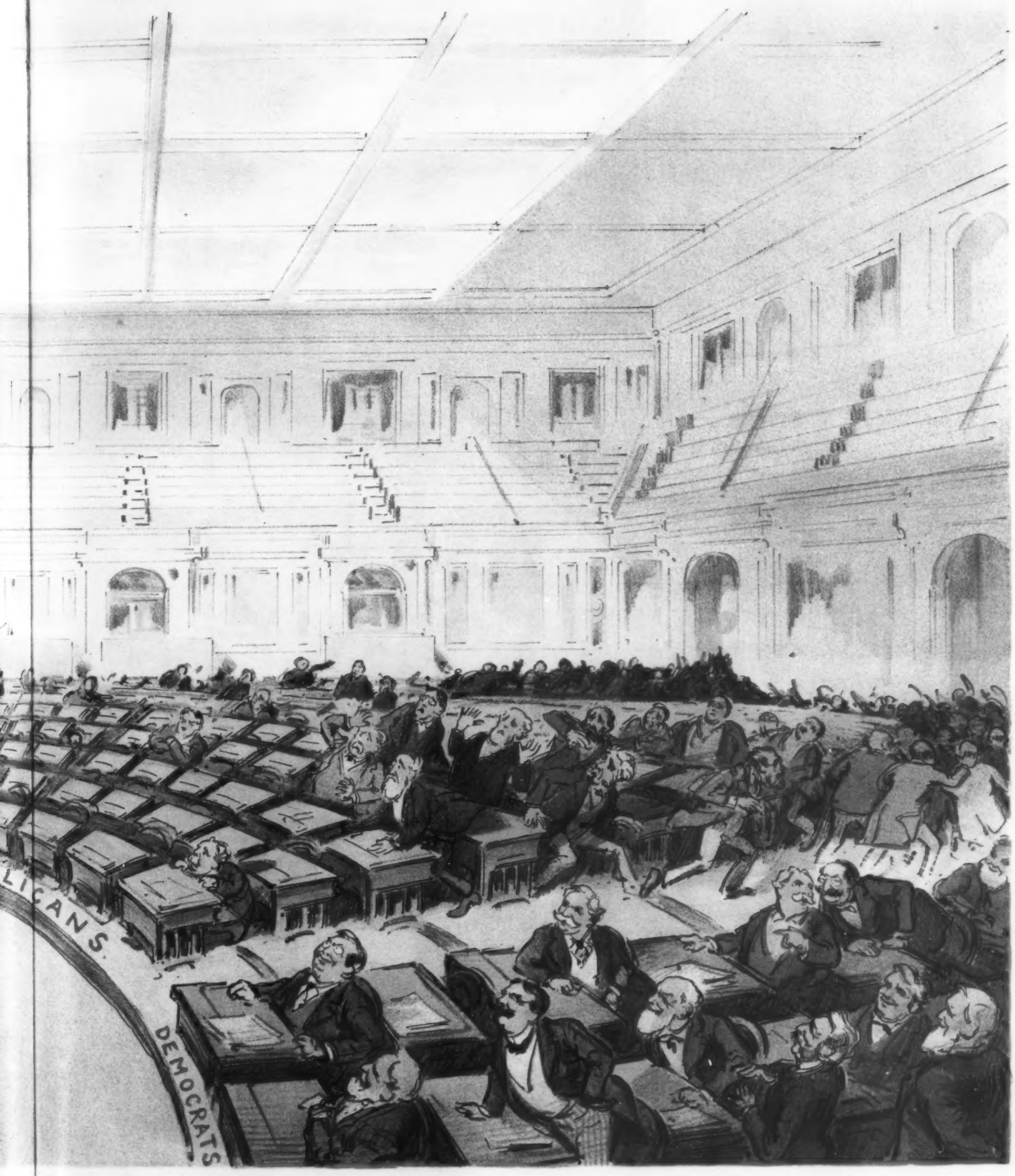
BETWEEN FRIENDS.

GLADYS.—No! I would never marry a man to reform him.
ETHEL.—Well, I don't think, myself, that harsh measures are the best

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

WHO WILL GET TH

REPRESENTATIVE BABCOCK *(to his Republican Associates)*. — You 'd better help me



L GET THE CREDIT?

You 'd better help me take this club away! The Democrats will do it if you don't!

A DIFFERENT KIND OF FISH.

When Winter ice gives way to mud
Ye gay suburban rounder
No longer emulates the skate,
But turns into a flounder.

A DOUBTER.

Assistant.—It is said that Miss Lingerlong—

Country Editor.—So we have already heard; but, so far as we are concerned, all reports regarding her engagement must be accompanied by the man as an evidence of good faith.

THIS TRICKY LIFE OF OURS.

How hard it is to classify!—
All outlines blend and shirk;—
Some work is sport; and, then—Oh, my!
Some sport is downright work!

NOT COMPULSORY.

Student.—Tell me, Colonel, can a man be thoroughly honest and still succeed as a lawyer?

Veteran Attorney.—I presume so; but—ah!—it is n't necessary!

AN INQUIRY.

First Tot.—Oh! I was just wishing for something to eat!

Second Tot.—It is n't polite to say anything like that.

First Tot.—Well, don't you ever forget to be polite when you 're hungry?

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR—(VERBATIM.)

A WORD of approbation often goes a great w—(Yes, indeed, Maria! You handled that case of mumps to beat the band.)

Our good resolutions vanish like smo—(You don't say so? And he just laughed at the idea that he was going to marry the widow!)

It is too bad that we are mean enough to enjoy other people's troub—(The turtle-doves are quarreling? Haw! Haw! Why, it 's no time since they were as happy as a suburbanite in his first Summer.)

Life is made up of vicissit—(Well, I 'd change the iceman; though, I suppose, one 's about the same as another.)

Steadfast adherence to principle—(That 's a fact, Maria. Many a night I 've walked the floor because you did n't believe in paregoric.)

We can't expect to get through this world without—(Says her husband is suffering from rheumatism, does she? I thought his chief complaint was matrimony!)

Wm. E. McKenna.

MIGHT DOES N'T make right; but, as a rule, it manages to make good.

HUSBANDLY APPREHENSION.

MRS. JONES.—They say capital is timid.

MRS. BROWN.—Yes; when my husband has any he grows pale every time I kiss him.

HOW HE FELT.

BLEEKER.—You look as if you 'd been taking a little of everything.

GAYLUSH.—Have, ole chap! I—hic—feel like a thirty-cent film in a Summer Girl's kodak!

THE TANGLE.

DOWN by the piers when the teams tangle up
Bitter, indeed, is the policeman's cup;
For he must know just the team that 's at fault
And when they must start and when they must halt.
And like the umpire when the other team won,
Of frowns he gets many, of thanks he gets none.

'T is the hurry-up cab or the big iron truck
That snaps off an axle and there it is stuck,
While teams going up and teams going down
Collide with the teams that are coming cross-town;
And then such a chaos of horses and heels,
Of drivers and language and closely-locked wheels.

With fists like beer-mallets and face like a beet
Big Hans from the brewery leaps down from his seat;
And Mike from the fish-cart and Bill from the dray
And half a score more are mixed in the fray
Till the blockade is over, then a cracking of whips
And they 're shoving and swearing to the big ferry-slips.

Down by the piers when the teams tangle up
Bitter, indeed, is the policeman's cup;
For he must know just the team that 's at fault
And when they must start and when they must halt.
And like the umpire when the other team won,
Of frowns he gets many, of thanks he gets none.

Victor A. Hermann.

If you think clothes don't make the man, just happen down to business without a collar, some morning.

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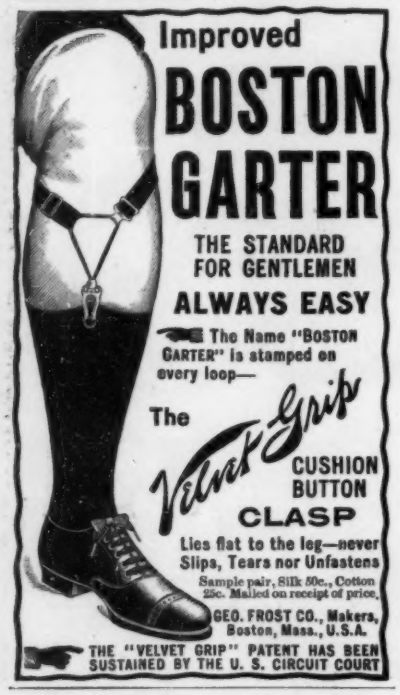

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THE "VELVET GRIP" PATENT HAS BEEN SUSTAINED BY THE U. S. CIRCUIT COURT

Hotel Life in New York.

Tourist from the West.—Hold on! Does your hotel command a view of the rapid transit subway?

Hotel Clerk.—No, sir; the subway is two miles distant. Besides that, we have riveted steel ceilings instead of plaster, and all our windows are protected by anti-detonating dynamite shields.

Tourist.—Gimme a good room with bath, and call me a half-hour before the next explosion.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Charcoal Eph's Daily Thought.

"Dat bird am lak some fool men," said Charcoal Eph, as he pulled a plump hen from the coop. "Dey jes' will keep perchin' on de lowes' roos' ter tempt Providence."—*Baltimore News.*

A Last Resort.

"Well," remarked the new Benedick, "there 's no place like home, after all."

"Yes," argued the rounder; "after all."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE, 32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street. BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. NEW YORK. All kinds of Paper made to order.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

HOW SHE FELT.

HAROLD.—What did she say when you turned out the gas and kissed her?

RUPERT.—Said she felt as if she never wanted to see my face again.

A Great Gift.

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"The idea! How eccentric!"

"Not at all. You see, he 's just been sent to prison for a term of ten years." *Catholic Standard and Times.*

IN a Billville district recently a coroner's jury brought in the verdict that "the deceased came to his death from a railroad in the hands of a receiver."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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THE BOSTON LADY *(in distress).*—Back, Schiller! Get behind me! Oh, dear me! This is what comes of buying a dog with absolutely no genealogical tree!

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"What makes you so blue?" asked the first New Woman, at the club.

"My father-in-law has come to stay with us," replied the other; "and John and he sit at their knitting all day and cry about my treatment of John."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

MANY a girl's cooking education begins and ends with making chocolate cake.—*Atchison Globe.*

AN Indiana farmer has a perpetual motion machine that he saw in a dream and then awoke and perfected. He will wake up still further a little later on.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

BILL.—I see the man who keeps the saloon on the corner nails up his side door from Sunday to Sunday.

JILL.—Yes; he says it is worked so hard on Sunday that it really needs a rest the other six days of the week.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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A FATAL JEST.

"Why is the maddest Anarchist nearly?" asked the young man with the jocular bent.

There was an ominous silence, and it was broken by the glad answer:

"Because he is all Most!"

And when the ambulance arrived it was found that the angry crowd had altogether.—*Baltimore News.*

FAMILIAR PHRASE.

"Down in front!"

The American traveler started guiltily, and ducked. He had not expected to hear this familiar phrase in the middle of the African desert.

Then he looked up again.

The camel driver—imported from Chicago—was training a young ship of the desert to kneel; that was all.—*Cincinnati Observer.*

NO COZY CORNERS.

TOM.—I begin to believe in this flat earth theory.

DICK.—Why?

TOM.—I can't hide from my creditors to save my life.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CARELESS PARENTS.

"Why don't you make a name for yourself?" asked the serious person.

"I only wish I had had the chance," said the pale young man. "But my parents thought they knew it all, and they made up one of their own, and that's why I am compelled to struggle against Fate under the handicap of 'Reginald Claud De Vere Smithers.'"—*Washington Star.*

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

THE PIKE.—Come in here, Mr. Frog, I want to speak with you.

THE FROG.—No, thanks! I have no ambition to be called the biggest fool that ever went down the Pike!

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"You don't say! What 's the plot?"

"I don't know; but the play ends in the middle of the last act."

"The mid—Say! What are you giving me?"

"Straight goods. The idea is to fool the people who always begin putting on their wraps before the curtain falls."—*Baltimore News.*

DECIDED TO STAY.

"O George! What do you think happened to-day?"

"Did you find a twenty-dollar gold piece?"

"Better than that! Our new cook has sent for her trunk."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

"Did you get your lost dog back when you advertised?"

"No; but I got three better ones."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

BACON.—I don't think it pays to be superstitious.

EGBERT.—Oh! I don't know; a man tried to borrow five dollars from me, the other day, and I remembered it was Friday and would not let him have it."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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SOME men who pretend to tell the truth for truth's sake, tell it merely for cussedness.—*Washington Democrat.*

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VISITOR.—What are you going to be when you grow up, Willy?

LITTLE WILLY.—A Chinaman!

VISITOR.—Goodness Gracious! And why?

LITTLE WILLY.—I read yesterday that the Chinese let off fire-crackers at all their funerals.

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